



LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



One day, while LITTLE GROWLING BIRD was still at the Indian Village, YOUNG PIG (the naughty boy of the camp) came and told him that he had found the "cave house" of RED DOG, and that there were some fine young puppies there.

"You get some," he said. "Take um home when you go!" So—



BIG BEAR had taught LITTLE GROWLING BIRD not to hurt the small wild creatures, and that is why they were so friendly with him. He started off to take the fox cub to NOKOMIS and get some food for it. But YOUNG PIG was disappointed. He thought the fox cub would have bitten LITTLE GROWLING BIRD, so he said:

"Ugh! No good! Only ONE pup! Me get TWO!"



They went along until they came to a tall pine tree with a big hole under the roots. LITTLE GROWLING BIRD knew that dogs do not live in holes in the ground; besides, the place smelled just like a fresh foxskin. He knew at once that it was the lodge of WAH-GOOSH, the FOX, so he reached into the burrow with his hand and wiggled his fingers.



Then YOUNG PIG went to the mouth of the burrow and put both of his arms into it as far as he could reach. The other little foxes thought it was LITTLE GROWLING BIRD, so YOUNG PIG was able to take hold of TWO of them. He didn't care whether he hurt them or not, but just grabbed them by their tails.



Little foxes (like little boys) are very curious, and soon a young fox came up and smelled his hand. LITTLE GROWLING BIRD took it gently by the loose skin on the back of its neck and lifted it out of the burrow. He did not hurt it and so WAH-GOOSH-AINS, the FOX-CUB, did not try to bite—although YOUNG PIG wanted LITTLE GROWLING BIRD to pinch his tail.



Then he roughly dragged them out of the burrow and started to walk off with one in each hand—just as you see in the picture.

It hurt the little foxes to be carried by their tails, and they set up a great cry for their mother. She had been watching all the time, and when she heard their yelps, came bounding along.



In a few jumps she caught up with YOUNG PIG and leaped upon him, giving him a sharp bite on the ankle. He yelled and dropped one of the fox cubs, but the other had managed to twist around and grab his hand—so he was bitten in TWO places at once.

My! How he jumped and ran toward the Village, squealing just like a REAL young pig! It served him right, because of his meanness in trying to get LITTLE GROWLING BIRD bitten, and because of his cruelty to the fox cubs.



Then, because he was a bad boy and untruthful, he tried to lay the blame on LITTLE GROWLING BIRD. But no one believed him, because any one could see how nicely LITTLE GROWLING BIRD had treated the fox cub he brought in—in fact, he was at the very moment giving it something nice to eat.

Now, ever since then, the skin on the back of all the little fur-animals has been very loose—so they can be easily lifted and carried by it. But if you try to carry them around by their TAILS—well—just remember what happened to YOUNG PIG in the INDIAN VILLAGE near WINDEGO LAND.